

# WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS

## To Work Out Problems Confronting the Poor

WASHINGTON.—"Model House," the four-room sociological laboratory, in which the workers of Neighborhood House intend to work out the problems that confront Washington's poor, was opened to the public for inspection December 15. The trustees of Neighborhood House at a previous meeting decided that the inspection should follow a public reception in Neighborhood House on that date.

"Model House" is a two-story, four-room building, typical of the "alley houses" of the capital, in which many of the city's less prosperous are forced to live. In this house the settlement workers are to carry on a series of experiments to determine the cheapest and best way for the poor man and his family to live.

The carpenters worked hard to bring the house up to the standard of sanitation, that the workers feel should be demanded of every landlord. Then, it was to be furnished on a scale that it was figured the man who supports a family of wife and three children on \$9 per week, which taken with the wage of the city's less prosperous, would be able to afford. The furniture cost between \$100 and \$150. Everything is cheap, but comfortable, and each article bears a tag showing its cost and the store at which it was purchased for the guidance of future buyers.

Once the house is fully furnished the boys and girls of the settlement will take charge of the housekeeping under the instruction of settlement officials. Daily meals will be cooked, care being taken by the young housewives to keep well within the \$9 weekly wage, and such sewing as would be necessary for the family of father, mother and three children will be done. The girls will attend to the cooking and sewing, and the boys of the settlement clubs will take over the duties of the man of the house.

Not only will the girls of the settlement clubs have a chance to learn housekeeping and cooking in a real house, but the "Model House" will be opened to about 80 girls of the cooking and sewing classes of the public schools in the district of Neighborhood House.

## Georgian Defies a Sacred Southern Tradition

WILLIAM C. ADAMSON, representing the Fourth district of Georgia and uniformly called "Jedge" Adamson because of his service on the city bench of Carrollton back in the eighties, is the one man in congress who defies the sacred southern tradition that no statesman should appear in anything but a large black felt slouch hat.

"Jedge" Adamson wears a flat, drab golf cap, which he wears with the same nonchalance that he wears his large and unpressed trousers of Carroll county (Ga.) design.

Once, long years ago, the little William Adamson was taken to school for the first time by his parents. It was a country school where the birch rod had full sway. Little William, being left to his devices, made an experiment with his hands. He patted the top of his head and rubbed his stomach at the same time, which requires great muscular control.

The big boys and girls around him caught sight of the phenomenal exhibition, and in less than ten minutes nearly every pupil in that log schoolhouse was trying the Adamson trick with varying degrees of success. At the end of ten minutes the large and raw-boned schoolmaster had despaired of getting order again and started in to whale his school with a fine and unyielding bit of birch.

It is history that about every pupil caught a taste of that birch rod except the innocent looking William Adamson.

Long years passed. Little William had become a congressional leader. He was chairman of the great interstate and foreign commerce committee, which deals with railroads and trusts, and which framed the Panama canal act. The principal of the big school which has grown up on the spot where the little old log schoolhouse was in the old days, invited "Jedge" Adamson to speak there.

He accepted and told the story of his first day in school, and illustrated it with a fine demonstration of patting his head and rubbing his stomach.

The fever caught the school again the very next day. Every scholar who heard the "Jedge" tried the trick. It nearly broke up the classes for a month after.

And now, says "Jedge" Adamson, the principal of that school wouldn't have his famous alumnus make another address there for any consideration unless he ties his hands.

## Traces Peculiar Dialect of the Southern Negro

REPRESENTATIVE JAMES L. BYRNES of South Carolina comes from a state in which there is a vast negro population and their dialect has been one of his particular studies. In some sections there are words used among them that are almost unknown to the whites and it would be impossible for a northern visitor to comprehend a word of their speech.

Tracing back the occurrence of similar words among the Jamaica negroes, he has arrived at the conclusion that many of them did not come directly here from Africa, but that their ancestors were first imported to Jamaica and their descendants brought over to the coast of Carolina.

He tells of some odd words of their manufacturing. In a case in court the defendant, tried for assault, was a husky man whose jargon was most difficult to understand. He had tried to brain a companion with an ax. When asked about the matter he squared himself off and replied:

"Well, jedge, I seen him coming 'round the corner so stropulous, and as soon as he got catcuspous to me I jest swung at him wid de ax." Another culprit negro boy, condemned to be electrocuted, was asked by the sheriff if he wished to say anything before the cap was put down on his head. The culprit looked wildly around for a moment, and then remarked:

"Yassar, I want ter tell you all that these here doings will sholy be a lesson to me."

## Letter With Picture Address Reaches President

OF all the thousands of letters that arrive in the White House mail bags, the most unusual arrived several days ago from Wichita, Kan. It has no written address. The sender, however, sketched on the face of the envelope a good likeness of President Wilson, together with certain symbols indicating its destination. The clerk of the railway mail service had no difficulty in deciding where it was to go, and sent it to the Washington postoffice. When it reached here it was sent to the White House. The president smiled when he saw it, but made no comment. Who sent the letter is a mystery.

There was nothing inside, although the envelope was marked "personal." Several years ago, when Theodore Roosevelt was president, a similar letter was received at the White House. It had no written address, but merely a pair of large eye-glasses and a set of prominent teeth, which had been made popular by the cartoonists. His definition was plain and he arrived at the White House without delay.

The directions in the letter to President Wilson read, when the "picture writing" was translated: "Woodrow Wilson, Care of Uncle Sam, United States of America." The postal clerks, who are accustomed to reading handwriting which is far more difficult to decipher, caught the meaning without trouble and were spared even the detail of referring to a city directory. Letters are constantly received which bear the names of persons and the numbers of streets, but neglect to mention any city or town or even state. Such letters often reach the right persons.

Peculiarity of the Mississippi.

One of the most peculiar things about the Mississippi river was figured out by a government engineer. He says that it would be possible for a man to take a life canoe at Greenville, Miss., and by floating down stream 40 miles and portaging four times he would find himself 40 miles upstream from where he started.

She Was Long-Headed.

He asked her in yearning, pleading tones if he could not give her an engagement ring as a Christmas present. But she comes of a thirty and far-seeing family, which never loses its presence of mind. "No, darling," she softly whispered, "I will take the ring now. Let Christmas bring its happy surprises, just as usual."—Lippincott's.

## STRATEGIST OF THE CARRANZA FORCES



The remarkable success with which the rebels of northern Mexico have met is due in great measure to the strategic mind of Gen. Pablo Gonzales (seated in center) the commander-in-chief of the Carranza forces in northern Mexico. The general, who is here seated with his staff, is concentrating every effort of his in keeping up the successful work of harassing the federalist forces.

## DARING AND SPECTACULAR PLUNGER OF WALL STREET HAS GONE FOREVER

Public's Indifference Toward Stock Speculation Is Causing the Passing of One of the Most Picturesque Elements in Our Public Life—Men of Jay Gould Type Are No More in Evidence.

New York.—The twilight of Wall street, the daring and spectacular plunger gone forever, the public apathetic toward stock speculation, the passing of one of the most picturesque elements in our public life—these are some of the conclusions drawn from the great dullness on the New York stock exchange, the failures of brokers to make what they consider a living, the dry rot.

Certain it is that we have no Jay Gould today—or an E. H. Harriman, or a Keene, or a Gates, or even a David Lamar. The days of the big market manipulator have almost entirely passed. These men are dead and there are none to take their places. If as big things are "put over" as in the old days, they are done now in secret, with the aid of much law and lawyers, through numerous agents and multitudinous blinds and devices.

"It was not so in the older days," Way back in the Black Friday era, Jay Gould or Jim Fiske wouldn't hesitate at all to appear in the public square and flay the opposing crowd of either bulls or bears with the utmost freedom. Everybody knew what they were about and nobody thought of complaining in the sense of considering their faults as of a public character.

Later came the great speculative era of our national life, when a "million share day" was considered nothing, when doctors and lawyers and merchants gambled in stocks from every hamlet, when the little speculators were myriad and the big speculators were few, and the big speculators were fierce, if slightly more cautious than in the seventies.

Harriman flinging railroads into the gambling pit, John W. Gates and other men of his type leading speculative campaigns which netted them tens of millions, foxy old James R. Keene, engineering pools—for many years the American people stood for them and simply laughed.

Then the great outcries began. They're never led to the actual governmental reformation or abolition of the stock exchange, but they seem to have put it almost more or less simply by the force of public opinion.

"Nobody's buying!" the brokers cry. "We never sell anybody from uptown," complain the hungry-eyed ones, meaning that the merchants who ac-



Noon Hour in Wall Street.

tomorrow—he's the only man from uptown who's bought anything from us for two years." There was laughter at this, but of a storkish variety. The stagnation in stocks is no joke to the brokers. They can stand it for stocks to go up and

they can stand it for them to go down, but when they stand still—good night! The exchange has recently had the worst day's business since 1858, 25 years ago. Only 58,000 shares of stock and \$13 bonds changed hands. There are 1,100 members of the exchange. It was figured that each of them would have \$140 for his day's work if the commissions were divided equally. A dollar and forty cents, not the wages of a man who digs a ditch in these days—and for brokers whose business expenses might run to \$100 a day each. No wonder there are "reorganizations" and a few failures. No wonder that staid old firms settle all their accounts and quietly go out of existence.

For one thing each member of the "exchange" has lost about \$40,000. This is the difference between the high quotation for a seat in 1909 and the price seats bring today.

The floor of the exchange these days often resembles the lounging room of a clubhouse. The exchange is a club in reality. Will it become one in name? Will it turn into a mere social organization, with traditions of business? Hardly, because there are more securities to be traded in each year. There must be a public auction room where they can change hands. The trouble just at present is the brokerage machinery is too big for its purposes. It is built on a scale to handle great speculations and little speculations, and when it has to come down to calm and peaceful transfers, it is like a eight-wheeling automobile carrying a single passenger. There is no profit.

By chance a policeman observed some boys playing in the gutter with what proved on examination to be some of the stolen stones. The boys, who were quite unaware of their value, confessed that they had found the stones secreted in some oranges and citrons which they had purloined from the shop of the suspected brothers.

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# PROMINENT PEOPLE

## BACK TO THE FARM

He swung his swivel chair around from the flat desk on which documents of all kinds were arranged in orderly fashion and arose to greet the visitor who entered this comfortable but severely plain office. Slightly below medium height he was, hair whitened somewhat by a lifetime of hard service, cheeks ruddy with health, blue eyes sparkling with fire—a man of sixty, clean cut, full of energy—the heart and mainspring directing force of the New York Central system, which means boss of 10,000 miles of railways. Forty years and four has William C. Brown been in railroad work; five has he spent as president of the New York Central. And now he has handed in his resignation to take effect January 1.

"Yes," he said, in answer to a question, "I remember very well when I commenced work as a railroad. It was in the latter part of June, 1859, and a mighty hot June day at that. I was sixteen years old then, plowing corn on a farm out in northern Iowa. It was a big field to plow the sun beat down with broiling rays, and the horses sweated their way between the long rows as I guided them and bore down on the plow."

"At one end the big field ran up close against the railroad and when I got there I stopped to let the horses rest and to catch a breath of air for myself. Outside, on the rails, was a section foreman, A. J. Leach, and his gang at work. He looked up and saw me wiping my forehead. After a single glance he said:

"Young man, how would you like to go to railroad?"

"I'd like it mighty well," I replied.

"All right," said Leach. "Report for work next Monday morning and start in."

"I did report the following Monday morning, and went to work," Mr. Brown continued with a smile. "I've been right at it ever since, and for the last three or four years I've been looking for a gap in the fence so I could get back from the rails to the farm again."



## CROY DUCHESS "NOT EQUAL OF HUSBAND"



The 1914 edition of the Almanach de Gotha, which has just appeared in Berlin, categorically announces that the marriage of Miss Nancy Leishman and the duke of Croÿ "is not a marriage of equal birth."

It is understood in royal circles that this phraseology, which is unusual in the Almanach, is printed at the instigation of the Prussian royal herald's office, and is intended as notice to the duke that his wife is not entitled to the privileges of the Kaiser's court or the other royal courts of Germany.

When the duke of Croÿ and Miss Nancy Leishman were married at Geneva on October 23 there was a strong presumption that the bride would not be acknowledged as the duchess of Croÿ in Germany. The marriage took place without the consent of the Kaiser and with the disapproval of the family of the duke.

Upon the announcement of the engagement last April the match was disapproved at a family council, called by the dowager duchess of Croÿ, the duke's mother, or members of all the branches of the Croÿs in Belgium, Prussia, France and Hungary. Later the Association of High German Nobility, at a meeting at Frankfurt-on-Main, also opposed the marriage.

The house of Croÿ is one of the oldest in Europe and has for centuries intermarried with royal families. The duke of Croÿ traces his lineage to John I. of Croÿ (1346-1415), a descendant of a king of Hungary. The royalty of the Croÿs antedates that of the Hohenzollerns by a full century.

The genealogical authorities who asserted that Miss Leishman could become the duchess of Croÿ held that the house of Croÿ derived its nobility from France and that its members were not bound by the rules of the German nobility, but were governed solely by the family laws of their own house.

## MR. BORLAND'S LATEST PET

Representative William F. Borland, who not long ago gained fame by bringing a baby home under each arm with which to surprise his wife and augment his household, was seized by another whim on his recent trip to Panama and brought home a monkey.

She was a beauty, as monkeys go, and while Mr. Borland does not know the technical name of the species, he affirms that she had a white face and was just about the cutest and rarest thing in the monkey line he ever saw. In fact, she was more beautiful than good and seemed wholly lacking in appreciation.

Instead of groveling at his feet in gratitude for being transported from the jungles of Panama right into the very arms of a member of congress, she grew morose over the matter, got to be a regular man hater, and found her only solace when bodded on the nice soft muff of Mrs. Borland. Mr. Borland tried to win her heart, but three bites now mar his beauty. The monkey? Well, she is out at the National zoo at Washington, where sport the wild animals corralled by Theodore Roosevelt in the wilds of Africa and Yellowstone park, the collection of possums sent to President Taft and President Wilson, and the parrots and things brought back by other members of congress on their various trips to Panama.



## PANCHO VILLA, SOLDIER OF LUCK



No man in any of Mexico's countless rebellions and revolts has gone through a more complete change of circumstance than has Pancho Villa in the last five months, and to few men has there ever been given a more kaleidoscopic career in a life time than this desperado diplomat has jammed into the last five years of his existence.

Escaping from United States border patrols and Mexican federal infantry and cavalry last March, Villa took the field with a single horse, which had been "borrowed," two sacks of flour and nine men. Last month he returned with upward of 10,000 followers, mostly well armed, quick moving cavalrymen, 38 large field pieces, 50 rapid fire machine guns, a trainload of ammunition, other trainloads of supplies for his troops and more than \$8,000,000 in Mexican money.

Villa's record of triumphs in the last year is all the more wonderful when it is considered that it was done almost entirely with ammunition and artillery taken from the enemy's far stronger force. He declares himself that 95 per cent. of his ammunition was captured from the federalists and the remainder snatched in small quantities through the United States border patrol. The cohesive power of loot is the thing that holds Villa's army together. It is a band that enfolds mine worker, cowboy, rancher, farmer, peon and aristocrat. This band of robbers gutted Juarez, led by Villa himself. They sacked Torreon, and Villa was the arch sacker. He is reported to have taken \$3,000,000 in cash there.

## MATCHES MAKE BIG MATCH

Swedish Girl Gets American Husband by Note She Placed in Box at Factory.

Stockholm.—Matches have played an important part in the marriage of Anna Lindstrom, who was employed as a match-packer at the Jonkopings match factory, which exports matches to every country in the world. One of the little yellow labels covering the matches in each box she wrote:

"To my prospective husband, c. o. Messrs. Fate and Fortune, Wide World." Under this she added her own name and address, and ultimately the box reached America.

A young Swedish-American engineer named Oscar Whitlund was entertaining some friends at a German restaurant in Chicago one evening about three months ago, and asked for a box of matches.

On opening it he saw the fateful little note, and correspondence followed, photographs were exchanged, and a

## proposal of marriage was accompanied by \$300 for traveling expenses.

Woman 100 Years Old Cooks a Dinner.

Newark, N. J.—Mrs. Margaret Kidney celebrated her 100th birthday by preparing and cooking a Thanksgiving Day dinner for a number of relatives and friends at her home.

## Pedometers on Girl's Garters.

Baltimore.—Pedometers worn on the debutantes during dances show how many miles they have "tangoed."